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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mrs. Carrie Alice Thornton,

NÉE ESMOND,

Born

May 16th, 1846.

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Died

January 2nd, 1887.

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Dedication.

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS
OF MY DECEASED WIFE.

GEORGE THORNTON.

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IN MEMORIAM.

By Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems.

After the reading of the burial service, Dr. Deems said:

"Ordinarily at funeral services it is not wise, because it is not profitable, to speak much of the departed. There is no skill of eloquence to make a bereaved heart close down more tenderly over the memory of the beloved than it does of its own accord. There is no painter who can portray the character of a beloved departed to make it seem more beautiful in form and more rich in color than it does now to the eyes that look at it through the tears of wounded affection. And yet somehow we do linger around even the garment which some purified spirit throws off as it mounts to God; and as we

think upon these things, we Christians—who believe that Christ is the resurrection and the life, who believe in the blessed inevitability spoken of by the Apostle Paul, that this corruptible must put on incorruption, that this mortal must put on immortality—feel that it is not a thing to be desired because it enters in the order of nature, but because it comes to us in the order of Christ.

"We sometimes wonder at ourselves that we cling to the departing—hold them back, longing to keep them here, clinging tenderly to them, not willing to let the mortal put on immortality—and yet when we come to bereavements in our experience it is always the case.

"As I have been sitting by these precious remains, meditating upon a life which seems from childhood to have been marked with bereavements constantly, I have said to her, How you have clung to your beloved and yet how they have gone! We know that the process of living is a process of dying, and that the dying of the body, which sets the spirit free, is not a curse to it, but really a blessing, and yet how reluctant to yield! Looking upon the face of our beloved friend to-day has taken me back to childhood, because there was a clergyman to whom she was so devoted, who was my college friend, a gifted young man, who came from the

same town with me to college, and there we prayed together and consecrated ourselves to Christ. Afterwards, when he became a Bishop, we were in different branches of Christ's Church, but I can recollect how it was when I left college, and it seemed so hard to him that I should go out into the world while he staid behind. And so from childhood to old age we have been holding our beloved back, as God has called them forward. And yet when I come to think of it that is very natural; we hold them back just as the earth holds back the seed, but while it holds it back it quickens and that seed must spring up. It is the Apostle's figure, 'It may chance of wheat or of some other grain,' and with that new-old body it mounts out of the dark chambers, in which the present life has hidden the soul, into the broad and blessed sunlight of the life immortal.

"And this thing came to me with more force just now as I was reading this little poem, which I am going to read to you—a poem written by those hands, folded now, stiff now, hands which struck the lyre of earthly music, now become spiritual hands, striking the harps of heavenly music. This is what she wrote, prophetic of what has come to her:

"'Pushing the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark, where the foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won!
O, my soul, like the ivy be,
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

"'Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down on things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
As if the frail thing owned the sky;
Look up, my soul, like the ivy be—
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee!'

"And so down here—down here in this world, even through sweetest domestic surroundings, which some of us men, thank God, do have so abundantly—she heard the call to sunshine and she has risen and angels see her now breaking the clod and climbing up to God. What a grand idea that is, Beloved! Heaven, not earth, is the place for us, and so the Saviour said, 'I go to prepare a place for you;' and as is natural every man seeks his place, every woman seeks her place, and if Heaven be her place, why should not her spirit be there? May I read another stanza?

"'Wrapping itself 'round the giant oak,
Hiding itself from the tempest stroke,
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows a secret—how to cling!
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
Hear the Mighty One: 'Lean on me!'

"'Green are the leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night,
Keeping the hearts of oak awake
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break!
Thus, O my soul, through the winter's rain,
Sing the sunshine back again!'

"And she hath clung like an ivy around the heart of her husband. How often she has sung sweetness into that heart! Do you not think this last stanza very beautiful?

"'Opening its green and fluttering breast
To give the timid birds a nest,
Coming out from the winter wild,
To make a wreath for the Holy Child.'

"Isn't it wonderful how near this Christmas season came to her?

"'To make a wreath for the Holy Child—
Oh, let my soul like the ivy be—
A help to the world and a wreath for thee!'

"I think that is a poem that deserves to live in American literature. While we cling to one another let us be held up by the blessed inevitability. We go forward, for the seed must rise and the seed must grow and the seed must come into sunshine.

"I think here are some verses written by her that have never been printed; they are probably the last things she wrote. I should think they would be an unspeakable comfort to our beloved brother, the bereaved one, who is more than usually afflicted because one more than usually bright and gifted has been taken from him. I will read her little poem called 'Sometime.'

"'Life does not find completeness here,
We grasp at things too far away,
And overlook the gladness near
In dreaming of a coming day.

"'We love and lose, we strive and fail;
We dream—and dreams are idle things;
The tree falls earthward in the gale,
To which some vine for safety clings.

"'Oh, silent tears! oh, weary hands!
Oh eyes that ever look afar!
Somewhere, I trust, in happier lands,
Life lifts for you its morning star.'

"Ah, my sister, your eyes already are gazing at that morning star.

"'Sometime, for those who trusting wait,
Shall the white flowers of gladness blow,
And Heaven most fully compensate
For all the losses earth can show.'

"Beloved, let that be our comfort. Let us trust in God. Let us commit this beautiful spirit into the hands of our Heavenly Father. It seems to be a strange providence that the sweet and the gifted and the good go, and so many of us men and women, that feel so dry and hard and useless and fruitless to the world, are left alive. Sometimes when a beautiful soul, closely allied to us, has passed into eternity, have we not felt ashamed to be alive when that friend was dead? Now, dear friends, our Christian religion comes to us. I do not understand, and I do not pretend to explain to any man, how it is that any man lives and keeps from being mad who does not believe that Jesus Christ told the truth when he said, 'I am the resurrection and the life;' for if that be not true, men and women, we have no promise of immortality. There is nothing in science to help us out. Science cannot help us to any knowledge of the origin and destinies of our humanity. The heart may be full of hopes of immortality as the hearts of the old philosophers in Greece were, and yet there is no knowledge of it. There is no assurance. All that is said and written by the most gifted men is poetry and mere rhapsody and mere rhetoric, at the best. I tell you if God has not some time out of Heaven given us a knowledge of our immortality,

there is no way, that I know, to learn whether immortality be a dream or a fact. If I do not believe that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life, I have no basis for the faith anywhere in any part of my mental or moral constitution. When Jesus Christ comes and says, 'I am the resurrection. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not die forever,' then I have some hope. In that hope this beloved gifted woman lived; in that hope she died, and the last line in this very beautiful poem, which I first read to you, seemed to be fulfilled in her last moments in an extraordinary manner. She prayed that her soul might be a help to the world and a wreath for Christ, and so when she was in that last illness she plead with the doctor that she might be spared for her husband's sake, a help to the world; and when that could not be she laid her soul on Jesus as a wreath for his blessed head. So may *your* life be, and so may be mine.

"Brethren, hear once more the exhortation of the Apostle: 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"

POEMS

THE IVY.

PUSHING the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark, where the foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won!
O, my soul, like the ivy be,
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down on things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
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Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee!

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Hiding itself from the tempest stroke,
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows a secret—how to cling!
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
Hear the Mighty One: "Lean on me!"

Green are the leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night,
Keeping the hearts of oak awake
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break!
Thus, O my soul, through the winter's rain,
Sing the sunshine back again!

Opening its green and fluttering breast
To give the timid birds a nest,
Coming out from the winter wild
To make a wreath for the Holy Child—
Oh! let my soul like the ivy be—
A help to the world and a wreath for Thee!

REGRET.

WE mourn over years that have vanished
So foolishly wasted and lost,
With sorrow we sink down astonished,
While counting what follies have cost.

No toil or heroic endeavor
Can make those bare deserts bloom;
Saharas they shall be forever,
No effort can alter their doom.

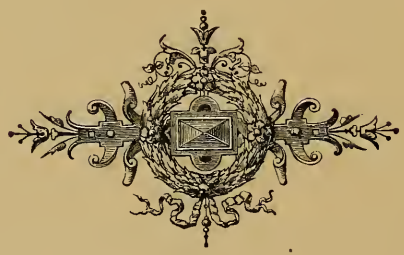
Affrighted and trembling, some falter,
And weakly or cowardly die;
Some vow by the morrow to alter,
Unheeded the present glides by.

REGRET.

Oh! waste not the moments in sighing,
  Now use all the strength you possess;
Have done with your weeping and crying,
  For God doth insure you success.

Our anguish may prove a rich blessing,
  The soil we watered with tears
May blossom with fragrance refreshing,
  To gladden our remnant of years.

If taught by the past we awaken,
  And fully the present employ,
All errors and follies forsaken,
  Our lives may yet blossom with joy.



LIGHTS OF HOME.

AFAR the wanderer sees them glow,
Now night is near;
They gild his path with radiance clear,
Sweet lights of home.

When my brief day of life is o'er,
Then may I see,
Shine from the "Heavenly House" for me,
Dear lights of home.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

LET my poor heart be, old friend,
You would not step upon a grave!
Why seek that hard-earned peace to rend,
Long hours of weary silence gave?

We meet to-night with ceaseless speech,
Who parted last with scorn and tears,
And strive with clasping hands to meet
Across the gulf of vanished years.

But all too wide that deep abyss,
We opened in our bitter pride,
And in it lies the youth we miss
While gazing down on either side.

And mourn the waste and bitter loss,
For which regret has come too late,
For nevermore may we recross
The broken plank that men call Fate.

Then, since our pathways separate tend,
Ah, let the past in sorrow rest;
My thoughts go with you to the end,
I wish you all life's gifts and best.

But as for me each starved desire
Turns from its vainly answered prayer;
To ashen-gray dies passion's fire,
And hope lies buried in despair.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

AS Peter sat at Heaven's gate
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him, if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claims hast thou to enter here?"
He cried, with sternest mien,
"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
"I am only just sixteen."

"Enough!" the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw,
"That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel too."

TO ADELE.

I SEE thee not as when we met,
In childhood's years, remembered now;
Scarce fourteen summers then had set
Their sunlight on thy beauteous brow.

Oh, what a change! And canst thou be
The same sweet child of modest worth?
Even beauty wandering bows to thee,
The bright-eyed angel of the earth.

Thou art blooming now, to thee is given
The beauty of those forms above,
Thine eye is lit with light from Heaven
And bliss is on thy lip of love.

But ah! thou hast a charm refined,
Far, far above the aid of art,
The virtues of thy heavenly mind
And friendly feelings of thy heart.

Fair Adele! Let me still enjoy
Thy friendship, dear as other's love,
And may it bind without alloy
Our hearts, in Heaven's high halls above.

May bliss be thine in beauty's bower,
A stranger still to sorrow's tears,
And may sweet Friendship's fairest flowers
Adorn thy paths through future years.

PARTING TOKEN.

To Mrs. Geo. Alger, London, England.

'TIS hard when heart unites with heart,
The sad adieu must then be spoken;
Alas! that friends from us must part
And all life's tender ties be broken.

But no sad thoughts like these shall enter
The friendly heart that still is thine;
Fond memories of the past shall centre
And a bright wreath of hope entwine.

Then, though by distance we are parted,
Yet, in our thoughts we oft may meet;
Forever may the faithful-hearted
Be joined by bonds of friendship sweet.

BUTTERCUPS.

GREEN are the meadows o'er; the touch of spring
Is on the earth, its perfume in the air;
In yon clear brook the swallow dips his wing
And orchard trees their loads of blossom bear;
Scattered in lavish wealth o'er mead and field
The buttercups in golden beauty show,
Their burnished globes in tender pressure yield
To us, as once again we younger grow
And mark the tramp of little toddling feet,
The glowing rosy cheeks, the eager eyes,
The baby laughter and the prattle sweet
Of children, seizing each their shining prize;

BUTTERCUPS.

Not flowers of cost as are exotics rare,
Flowers to be purchased only by much gold,
Not flowers to rest within a court belle's hair
Or make a fair bride fairer twenty-fold;
But flowers to deck a village maiden's breast,
A simple beauty, fairest unadorned,
Or be by childhood's dimpled fingers pressed—
Nature's gold cuplets by the wealthy scorned.
Bright buttercups, they mind of the days
When we no farther looked than childhood's hours.
Be this my simple song, sung in your praise,
Simplest, yet dearest of our sweet spring flowers.

WAITING.

AITING for what? Shall I ever know?
Or shall the New Year creep drowsily by
'Till my death day comes? Shall I never know why
I was born and must live out my life of woe?

Is the whole of my lifetime merely a pause
'Twixt my birth that was and my death to be?
Must I always follow and never be free?
Am I only effect? Can I never be cause?

Or, am I but a link of the weariful chain
Of life and the sequence of things gone by?
I am forced to live, I cannot die,
But my life is empty and all in vain.

Yet sometimes I hear my spirit elate,
  At the thoughts of the glorious deeds to be done,
  Cry, "Strike! 'Tis the time!" But in answer, One—
Shall I ever know who? whispers, "Silence! Wait."

It cannot be Hope, for her voice is subtle and sweet;
  It is not Despair, for I know her well;
  'Tis like the ceaseless drone of a knell,
And wearies the heart with monotonous beat.

Shall another voice ever whisper to me:
  "Awake! 'Tis the hour; go forward and fight,
  Thy probation is ended, and impotent night
Has burst into day!" So, shall set me free?

I know not, I know not, this only I dread,
  That ere that voice shall proclaim the hour—
  Not only the will may be lost, but the power,
And I may be cold with the nameless dead.

"IN THE BRIGHT CONSUMMATE FLOWER."

FLOWERS are the bright things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear, as children's mirth—
Like fading dreams of hope, they perish.

By them the lover tells his tale,
They can his hopes, his fears, express;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind word confess.

Then, lady, let the flowers we bring
For thee a wreath of beauty twine,
And as the blossoms deck the Spring,
So every tender wish be thine.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

THERE is a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it!
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no bliss so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy our present joy
With future hopes, and praise them,
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.

For things afar still sweeter are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But, soon we're taught the earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still, that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
There is no bliss on earth like this—
Our home and friends around us.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS.

AS the western clouds are tinged with gold even after the sun is lost to view, so does the memory of a kind act bring a smile to the face when its author is forgot.

LITTLE STRANGER.

ELCOME, welcome, little stranger
To our midst. Where hast thou been?
Hast thou come from any danger?
With eyes so calm. What hast thou seen?

We greet thee with kisses ever sweet,
And long to hear thy little story—
Told by lips we will often greet
With love's most earnest glory.

Have the fair, bright angels spared
Thee from their countless throng
To shed thee—Sunbeam? How they dared
Thou must tell the story in thy song.

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW oft I have dreamed of friendship,
For friendship I had thought was made
To be a woman's solace in the shade,
And glad her in the light, and so
I madly thought to find a friend
Whose soul with mine would sweetly blend,
And as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity;
But she betrayed me, and with pain
I woke, to sleep and dream again.

IT CAME AT LAST.

IT came at last, the missive white,
After a long, long time,
It fills my soul with fond delight,
And memory's bell rings clear to-night,
And very sweet its chime.

THE ANGEL OF NATURE.

NO home hath she, all homes are hers,
Her wreathed gifts she takes in twain,
To one her joy she ministers,
To one her ecstacy of pain;
Or, may be, drops them twined in one
Until their chequered use is done.

Where want has ground the earth to dust
And heartache settles on the cheek,
She offers not the needed crust
To feed the hungry and the weak;
Yet, with the light of ripening fields,
Her smile the thought of plenty yields.

She walks the streets that maidens frail
Have trodden since the nights of old,
But wades not through the miry trail,
Her feet are clean as hidden gold;
They move as o'er the virgin snows,
Yet in her step all passion glows.

SOMETIME.

IFE does not find completeness here,
We grasp at things too far away,
And overlook the gladness near
In dreaming of a coming day.

We love and lose, we strive and fail;
We dream—and dreams are idle things;
The tree falls earthward in the gale
To which some vine for safety clings.

Oh, silent tears! oh, weary hands!
Oh, eyes that ever look afar!
Somewhere, I trust, in happier lands
Life lifts for you its morning star.

SOMETIME.

Sometime, for those who trusting wait,
Shall the white flowers of gladness blow,
And Heaven most fully compensate
For all the losses earth can show.

AN OLD FARM HOUSE.

AN old farm house with pastures wide,
Sweet with flowers on every side,
A restless lad who looking from out
The porch with woodbine twined about
Wishes, a thought from out his heart:
"O, if I only could depart
From this dull place the world to see,
Ah! me, how happy I would be."

* * * * *

Amid the city's ceaseless din,
A man who round the world has been,

Who, mid the tumult and the throng
Is thinking, wishing, all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm house door,
The old green meadows could I see.
Ah! how happy would I be."

TEAR AND SMILE.

"WHAT are you?" said a tear
To a smile playing near;
"With a flickering shimmer
You transiently glimmer
On the meaningless features of mirth;
But you nothing express
Of the anguish and stress
That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"
Said the smile to the tear,
"For as day to shine aright
Needs a background of night,

So grief must be bordered with gladness;
And the light of a smile,
More than once in a while,
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

FANCY.

FOR if Hope be a star that may lead us astray,
And "deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones preach,
Yet 'twas Mercy that gave it to beacon our way,
Though its halo illumines where we never can reach.

Though Friendship but flit like a meteor gleam,
Though it burst like a morn-lighted bubble of dew,
Though it passes away like a leaf on the stream,
Yet 'tis bliss while we fancy the vision is true.

HER REST IS SWEET.

On the Death of Mrs. Bradford L. Prince.

NDER the skies of May, out of the smiling day,
Into the shadows gray must she be borne away!
Will it not grieve her?
Nay, for her rest is sweet, death's wondrous winding-sheet,
Peace, in a calm complete, shrouds her from brow to feet—
Earth will receive her:
E'en as a mother's breast shelters her babe to rest.
Nor will death's lovely guest, passed beyond human quest,
Know that we leave her.

SELF-ABNEGATION.

IF you should ask me to resign
My life-long hope—the hope of fame,
To put away this thing divine
And cease to work for wealth and name;
If you should tell me to awake
From this sweet dream so long I've had:
I'd do it all for your dear sake
And be content and glad.

If you should say in some far land
We'd live forever—all alone,
Away from friends and kith and kin
And all that I had called my own;

SELF-ABNEGATION.

I'd put my hand in yours, dear love,
And smile away the rising tears,
And never sigh for what I'd lost,
Thro' all the coming years.

HOPE DEFERRED.

HE tender trouble of her eyes
Is born of hope deferred; the tears
In witness of her grief arise,
From day to day, through all the years.

And often in her sleep at night
Are visions beautiful to see,
And in the darkness there is light,
And this is half her misery.

For dreams of vain delight are one
With weary waking thoughts of pain,
For when the happy night has gone
The dreary morning comes again.

And joy and sorrow fill her eyes
When friends surround her. Sudden tears
When quiet and alone, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

A QUESTION.

BEFORE I link my fate with thee
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril Heaven for thee—
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I'll break all other bonds nor feel
A shadow of regret,
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

A QUESTION.

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Where thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me now before all's lost.

Look deeper still, if thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill,
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake, or still?

A QUESTION.

Speak now, lest at some future day
My soul should wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
  The demon spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
  On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,
But shield my poor heart from thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
  And answer to my claim
That Fate, and that this day's mistake,
  Not thou, had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus, but thou,
O surely, *thou* wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not. I dare not hear
  Thy words are now too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate.
Whatever on my heart may fall
Remember, I will risk it all.

BRIDGES—A CONTRAST.

HAVE a bridge within my heart,
Known as the bridge of sighs;
It stretches from life's sunny spots
To where its darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand
To watch life's tide below.
Sad thoughts come from the shadowy land
And darkens all its flow.

Then as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Oh, mournful is the spirit's song
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
  Of friends and friendships flown,
And pleasures gone—their distant tread
  Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
  Soon shut the present out,
While joy but in the past appears
  And in the future, *doubt.*

Oh! often then will deeper grow
  The night that round me lies,
I wish that life had run its flow
  Or never found its rise.

I HAVE a bridge within my heart
  Known as the bridge of faith,
It spans by a mysterious art
  The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand
  And watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from the sunny land
  And brighten all its flow.

Then as it winds its way along,
  Down to the distant sea,
Oh! pleasant is the spirit's song
  That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
  Of love beyond compare,
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here
  To rise serenely there.

And hearing thus, a peace divine
  Soon shuts each sorrow out,
And all is hopeful and benign
  Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh! often then will brighter grow
The light that round me lies;
I see from life's beclouded flow
A crystal stream arise.

FAITH.

MY future may be dreary
And bring me toil and pain,
My heart may oft be weary,
My cup no sweet contain;
But when the darkest hours appears
My heart will turn to thee,
And cast away its doubts and fears,
For thou wilt pray for me?

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

THERE goes a woman who—loving too much,
Somehow or other, perhaps—became
Piebald with patches of soot and smutched
With blotches of sin and shame;
But I think by the piteous look in her eyes,
(Have you seen the eyes of a stricken doe?)
That down in her heart she moans and cries
With unutterable woe.

There goes a column of circumspects—see
How cleanly and comely and sleek and fair,
And, unto the ultimate degree,
Prim and proper they are;

Ah, worldling! you need not pry nor peck
  Into their natures for fault or flaw,
They are not of your kidney, frail and weak,
  They are strong and walk by the law.

But hark! They have caught a glimpse of her skirts,
  How keen they are on the scent of sin,
And the bound in the heart of each asserts
  Itself, and the pack begin.
Bravely, my masters, mangle her now!
  What to you is her awful stress?
And not in the daylight dare you avow
  Pity for wretchedness.

There, there! Enough now, handsomely done,
  How whitely your teeth show when you snort!
And how like a poor scared deer did run
  (Whither) the frightened girl,

Whither? But that can be naught to you
Why was her shadow flung on your path?
And heaven of course must be pleased to view
A strong man's terrible wrath.

Well, I am a sinner, or what you please,
And you may be saints for aught I know,
But I declare, O excellent Pharisees!
Than whiter than driven snow,
Compared with you, is the soul you drove
Hard on the terrible edges of Tophet;
And something, I think, was said of love
By some one—Can you tell?

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

HEN love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when love brings
Heart ache or pang,
Tears and such things,
Love may go hang!

If love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
  Love given to rove
To two or three,
  Then, good-bye—Love!
Love must, in short,
  Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
  And evil, too.

Else, here I swear,
  Young love may go,
(For aught I care,)
  To Jericho.

SADNESS.

MY soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine,
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine;
For though the pleasant sunlight shine
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine,
I am alone! I am alone!
I am alone! I am alone!

It is no joy for me
To mask the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined, and see

The love-lit eyes speak forth their greeting;
For then a stilly voice repeating
What oft hath woke the deepest moan,
Startles my heart and stays its beating,
I am alone! I am alone!
I am alone! I am alone!

I have a heart. I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew,
But could not clasp his hand and give
My full heart forth as talkers do—
And they who loved me, "the kind few,"
Believed me changed in heart and lone
And left me—while it burned as true,
To live alone! To live alone!
To live alone! To live alone!

TO A FRIEND.

OH, time is bright when roses meet
With spring's sweet breath around them,
And sweet the cost when hearts are lost
If those we love have found them.
And dear the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But, naught can be so sweet to see
As true friends meet together.

The few long known that years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses,
A hand to thee, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses,

That helped and tried still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh, thus may I yet live to see
Your friend and you together.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

IS he who every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak,
The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered 'round.

Who vice in all its pomp and power
Can treat with just neglect,
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted words and trust
  Has ever firmly stood,
And though he promise to his loss
  He makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains
  His treasures to employ,
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
  The guiltless to destroy.

CHARITY.

HOWEVER greatly woman sin,
However deeply she may fall,
If we could only look within,
The angel has remained through all.

We never search for it in vain,
Although its presence may seem brief,
She has a heart for other's pain,
She looks so pityingly on grief.

Her thin hand seeks her slender purse,
When men of wealth pass heedless by,
In aid of those whose heavy curse
Have moistened not the virtuous eye.

The lily from the pond's foul slime
  Its sustenance and beauty draws,
And smiles in purity meantime
  Governed by Nature's wondrous laws.

Thus from the very depths of shame
  Humility and grief are given,
That purify the soul the same
  To deeds and thoughts that look to Heaven.

The lily feels a thoughtless blow,
  Its fragrance rises on the air,
While its bruised stalk sinks down below
  And dies in gloom and silence there.

There is many a bruised heart now lies
  Stricken beneath the silent sod,
Whose shattered hopes will thus arise
  Reproaching those who struck, to God.

MY THOUGHT.

"I have a bright thought,
What is it like?"

WHAT is my thought like? "Like a bird."
"Like a wind harp at evening heard."
"'Tis like a bee." "'Tis like the sun."
"'Tis like the cloud encircled moon."
"Like a kaleidoscope." "Like fire."
"'Tis like the telegraphic wire."
"'Tis like the crowded merry room."
"'Tis like a monumental tomb."

So guessed each friend my unknown thought,
I to this test their guesses brought.

MY THOUGHT.

My album, is my thought and word.
Now why is my album like a bird?
A bird? Why, sure, it makes a nest
Where sweet affections meet and rest.
Why like a wind harp? It will play
When love's soft zephyrs over it stray.

'Tis like a bee, because it stores
The gathered sweets of sunny hours;
The sun by day—the moon by night,
Yield us the precious boon of light.
So in the hours of grief and woe
This book its comforts shall bestow;
Like a kaleidoscope 'twill be
When filled, in its variety.

And like a fire 'twill warm your heart;
When from dear friends you live apart,

MY THOUGHT.

This record of loved names will be
A telegraphic wire to thee,
Touching the electric chain which round
Our kindred hearts is darkly bound;
And surely like the pleasant room
Where loving hearts' assemblage come.

'Twill, as you turn its pages o'er,
Gather your scattered friends once more;
But as your years glide swiftly on,
And friends from life, drop one by one,
This album shall at last become
Like a sad monumental tomb,
O'er those who life's rough sea have cros't—
A Record of the "Loved and Lost."

THE MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

IRD me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills,
The speed of Thy streams give me;
In that spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for Thee.
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power—
As the cataract, or the peak—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the loving God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
Upon the mountain summit laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies

Thro' Thy shuttles of light and shade.
Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
And wait for Thy dawn anew.

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under the clank of its icy chain;
Give me the patience that hides
Among thy hill-tops in mist and rain;
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe Thy breath,
Thy beauty's strength give me;
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death,
In the life that I share with Thee,

ON THE SEA OF LIFE.

THE flowers hang their dewy heads, the sun
in glory sinks to rest,
And whilst the gold and crimsoned glow is
fading in the purpled West
Our barks are loosed from the silvered strand and
out we drift on the ebbing tide,
With hope to light us o'er the wave, the star of faith
to be our guide,
And from the dim uncertain future, whence in coming
years we'll gaze,
How oft we'll long for childhood's home with child-
hood's bright unclouded days?

For round this dear and hallowed spot the angels seem
to weave a spell,
As echoed back from mount to mount we hear a low
and sweet farewell;
And as the chords within our hearts receive these
echoes from above,
Like harps kissed by the autumn wind, they softly
breathe their tale of love;
Of love that will entwine itself around each memory
of the past
And cling more closely when 'tis blighted by the
future's wintry blast.
Now in the gathering mist of tears, we shrine each
dear familiar face,
And through the deepening shades of even strive each
cherished hand to trace;
For to our hearts they're sad and lonely as they drift
upon life's sea,
And softly bid the sobbing waves to bear their last
farewell to thee.

WRITE SOON.

LONG parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face,
And happy they who part and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosom closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast eye,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which fervently the last fond sigh
Begs, in the hopeful words, "Write soon."

WRITE SOON.

Write soon! Oh, such sweet request of Truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth
When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still amid the trumpet joys
That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
To hear the minor cadence flow.

We part, but carry on our way
Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune
That, as we wander, seems to say:
"Affection lives on faith"—Write soon!

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD.

SOME there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurred by all,
Are they not more sorely, sorely tempted?
Are they not the first to fall?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in every trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure
Present anguish thou has felt,
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
As a mourner thou hast knelt.

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD.

In thine hour of deep affliction
Let no impious thoughts intrude,
Meekly bow, with this conviction—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

BEWILDERING EYES.

HOSE eyes of golden brown
How soft their splendor is!
When seen, those shining orbs all through
My thoughts arrive at this.
I think a seraph has come down
To gladden mortal men,
And from some airy height has flown
Where ages she has been.

Such eyes, for all, have loveliest charm
Though often dangerous prove,
Through all their glances, I affirm,
Beam looks of fondest love.

BEWILDERING EYES.

Bewildering eyes of golden brown,
They pierce one through the heart
Whose easy smile, or matchless frown,
Bids all our sense depart.

PARTED.

WE sang together, you and I,
In the village church sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
Your face was an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
In that dear old church in sight of heaven;
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know,
That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
In the happy groves where wood birds sing;
But sweeter were the pleasant words
That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
  Old words they were from some old song;
Laughing, you sang them, all for me
  As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I,
  Wise things you spoke for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while
  That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
  In those vanished years, two friends, no more;
Did you ever dream of what was to be
  Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
  Was it wise the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on
  Till both life and love were old?

A SIMILE.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
The day has but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.
The soul has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole soul dies
When love is done.

IF THERE BE.

IF there be a garden fair, where the zephyr blows,
Where each season's flowers rare, beauties new disclose,
Where we gather and entwine, lily, jessamine, columbine;
There I'd make the pathway shine, for thy foot's repose.
If there be a loving breast wherein honor glows,
Whose devotion through all test no abatement knows,
If this breast free from deceit, ever with high purpose beat;
There I'd make the pillow meet, for thy head's repose.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

REATHE soft and low—O whispering wind!
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
No towering shaft or sculptured urn,
Nor mausoleum's empty pride,
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled brier and creeping vine
Across the crumbling tablets stray.

The summer sky is soft and blue
  The birds still sing the sweet old strain,
But, something from the summer-time
  Is gone, that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed,
  So many songs have ceased for aye,
So many hands I used to touch
  Are folded over hearts of clay.
The noisy world recedes from me,
  I cease to hear its praise or blame,
The mossy marbles echo back
  No hollow sound of empty fame.

I only know that calm and still
  They sleep, beyond life's woe and wail,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds—
  Beyond the shadow of the vale.
I only feel that tired and worn
  I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond
  To fields that shine supremely fair.

A COMMON WOMAN.

A COMMON woman! I've heard it said,
By women who knew far less than she,
But, wherein they find her not well bred
Is something I never well can see.
Her face indeed is rather plain,
And her manner unpretending enough,
Yet with civil treatment these might gain,
If her dress were only of finer stuff.

Intelligent! Yes, that is to say,
With a knowledge of human nature learned
From nature's volume, by the way,
And wisdom by experience earned.

For every line of the careworn face
Speaks character tried, a lifelong test,
And it gives to homely features a trace
Of refinement, even in tranquil rest.

Her conversation does not turn
In a flippant way on serious things,
Nor take on an air of grand concern,
Discussing the trifles each day oft brings.
Her garments are often faded and worn,
And her hat not always a la mode,
But she's graceful as one "to the manor born"
As she consciously walks in the upright road.

ENVOI.

Oh, when will the beau-monde learn to admire
True merit, whatever garb it's in?
For homely dress, or gay attire,
Speaks naught of the living soul within.

MEMORY.

HOU canst not forget me! for memory will fling
Her light o'er oblivion's dark sea,
And wherever thou roamest, a something will cling
To thy bosom that whispers of me.
Though the chords of thy spirit I never may sweep,
Of my touch they'll retain a soft thrill,
Like the low undertone of the murmuring deep
When the wind that has stirred it is still.

The love that is kept in the beauty of trust
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,
Or a mark that the finger has made in the dust
When 'tis swept by the breath of the breeze.

MEMORY.

They tell me, my love, thou wilt calmly resign,
Yet I ever while listening to them
Will sigh for the heart that was linked unto mine
As a rosebud is linked to its stem.

Thou canst not forget me! Too long hast thou flung
Thy spirit's soft pinions o'er mine,
Too deep was the promise that round my lips clung
As they softly responded to thine.
In the dusk of the twilight, beneath the blue sky,
My presence will mantle thy soul,
And a feeling of softness will rush to thine eye
Too deep for thy manhood's control.

Thou mayst go to the islands of beauty and fame,
Far, far from the "Land of the Free,"
Yet each wind that floats round thee will whisper a name
That is softer than music to thee.

And when round thee darkly misfortunes shall crowd,
Thou'lt think, like the beautiful form
Of the rainbow, that arches the thick tempest cloud,
My love would have brightened the storm.

Thou canst not forget me! The passion that dwells
In the depths of the soul cannot die,
With the memory of all thou hast murmured and felt,
In thy bosom 't will slumbering lie.
Thou mayst turn to another and wish to forget,
But that wish will not bring thee repose—
For O! thou wilt find that the thorns of regret
Were but hid by the leaves of the rose.

HEAVEN.

HERE'S a morn of light awaking
Where immortelles deck hill and glade
Which dawns on our expectant vision;
Flowers bloom there and never fade.

There we gain life's compensation,
Sorrows are exchanged for joy,
Hopes once withered bloom in beauty,
Pleasures tasted never cloy.

In that home of life's fruition
Rainbow tints each cloud doth curl,
And the drops of heart blood anguish,
There become bright shining pearls.

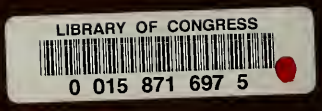
Crippled age comes back to manhood,
  Steps once feeble now are strong,
Health and beauty crown each forehead,
  Sobs of anguish change to song.

Hallelujahs now re-echo
  All along the sounding shore,
Mortals catch the reverberation,
  Welding links for evermore.

A FRAGMENT.

WASTED all, entirely wasted,
Has my life gone out from me
Like rare wine from broken bottles,
Slipping slowly to the sea.

THE END.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